

limited quantity could be obtained—Eussian  
*kopecks* locally  
 current at half their value, Turkish coins  
 the size of a  
 crown piece, but so debased that they are  
 only worth 1s.,  
 a number of pieces of base metal the size of  
 sixpences,  
 and "groats" and copper coins, miserably  
 thin. It took  
 me an hour, even with Mr. Browne's help,  
 to count 8s.  
 in this truly execrable money. The Julamerik  
*shrof* sent  
 word that the English sovereign is selling at  
 16s. only.

So, owing to these delays, I have had  
 another day  
 here, with its usual routine of drinking coffee  
 in houses,  
 inviting women to tea in my room, receiving  
 mountaineers  
 and others, who come in at all hours and  
 kiss my hand,  
 and smoke their long pipes on my floor, and  
 another  
 opportunity of walking in the glory of the  
 sunset, when  
 the mountain barriers of beautiful Kochanes  
 glow with a  
 colouring which suggests thoughts of "the  
 land which is  
 very far off." Good Mr. Browne makes himself  
 one with  
 the people, and is most anxious for me to  
 identify every-  
 body, and say the right thing to everybody—  
 no easy task,  
 and as I hope and fear that this is my last  
 evening, I  
 have tried to "leave a pleasant impression"  
 by spending  
 it in the great gathering-place, called pre-  
 eminently the  
 "house"! Mirza says that the people talk  
 of nothing  
 but "guns, Kurds, the harvest, and the local  
 news," but the  
 conversation to-night had a wider range, and  
 was often  
 very amusing, taking a sombre turn only  
 when the risks  
 of my journey were discussed, and the possible  
 misconduct

of my Kurdish *katirgi*. Ishai, who describes  
him as "a  
very tame man" (not at all my impression of  
him), has  
told him that "if he gives any trouble the  
House of Mar  
Shimun will never forget it."

Nothing could exceed the  
picturesqueness of the  
"house" to-night. There were  
doubtless fifty people  
there, but the lamps, which look as old as  
the relentless  
sweep of Taimurlane, hanging high on the  
blackened

VOL. II

Y